DROVE THEM TO THE OHIO RIVER.

This was the condition of affairs in West Virginia while the old division was absent fighting in Maryland.

It was considered that the troops that had originally taken and held this territory could best recover it again, and so shortly after Antietam the order came for its return to West Virginia.

In pursuance of this order the division marched from Antietam to Hancock, Md., a distance of 50 miles, from which point it was to be transported by the B. & O. Railroad. Just as it reached Hancock, and before the entire division had forded the Potomac, word came that Wheeler's cavalry was crossing the Potomac three miles below, and going north into Pennsylvania.

At that point Maryland is only three miles wide, so that the cavalry did not have far to go to reach the former State. Back went the Division in hot haste, in the effort to overtake it, and followed it some 12 or 15 miles into Pennsylvania.

This movement was doubtless made more for its moral effect than with any hopes or expectation of overtaking cavalry with infantry.

The boys were compensated for this extra march by the opportunity it afforded of coming into personal contact with the big slices of Pennsylvania Dutch bread and butter and other forms of generous hospitality which the farmhouses—whose inmates welcomed this unexpected protection from the horse-stealing cavalry—took on.

Returning to Hancock the division was speedily converted into livestock freight on trains headed westward and billed through to Clarksburg, W. Va.

At the latter point it was unloaded and resumed its military functions, and with supplies hastily gathered, started once more southward

OVER THE LONG ROAD

to Gauley Bridge, by which it had marched under Rosecrans one year before.

This coming in by the back door caused the enemy, in possession of its old camps and quarters, to beat a hasty retreat back to the Alleghanies without its having to fire a gun; and so, with the exception of the usual scouting expeditions out over the mountain roads to rid them of guerrillas, its long and arduous campaign of 1862 was ended.

Many of its bravest men had gloriously met death in battle, and many more were laid up in hospitals with grievous wounds; but although its ranks were so sadly thinned, it came out of its fiery ordeal with scarcely diminished strength, because its soldiers, although young in years, were now veterans, tested by the most trying experiences incident to the soldier's life.

IV.

During the Winter of 1862–'63 the regiments had been separated and stationed at different posts from Charleston, its Headquarters, to the outposts beyond Gauley Bridge on the several roads leading out from that point, and during the Winter the most important of these posts were fortified by the regiments occupying them.

Gen. Cox, who had been assigned to the command of the entire Department of West Virginia, when the division was ordered to return there, was subsequently assigned to duty with Gen. Burnside at Cincinnati and a little later to the command of the Twenty-third Corps.

Gen. Crook succeeded him in command of the division at Antietam.

In February, 1863, Gen. Rosecrans asked for the transfer of Gen. Crook to a command in his army, and he was ordered to report to him.

He took with him two regiments of the division—the 11th and 36th Ohio. Other Ohio and West Virginia regiments that had taken the place of the division when it went East in 1862, took their places, and the command devolved on Gen. Scammon.

Early in May, while the regiments were still scattered at the different outposts, the enemy, 3,500 strong, coming in on the Princeton road, made a sudden attack on the 12th Ohio, stationed at Fayette Courthouse, but were repulsed. Gen. Scammon, with reinforcements, hurried to this point, and the attacking force was driven back beyond Princeton; after which he established a camp at Flat Top, from which point various scouting expeditions were sent out.

Here, in July, he received an order to report with the main part of his command to the Ohio River, to

PREVENT THE ESCAPE

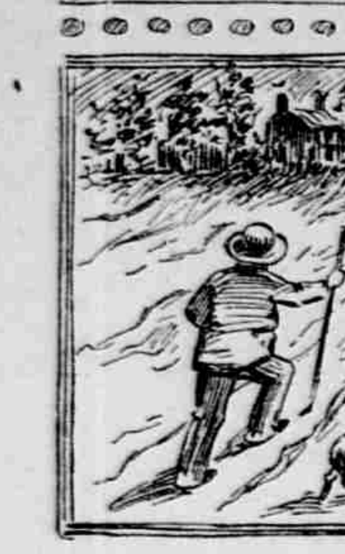
of the Morgan raiders, then in Ohio, and a second time a forced march was made from that camp back to the Kanawha, where, taking the boats, the command was soon patrolling the Ohio, keeping pace up the river with Morgan's progress through Ohio, and preventing his attempted crossing at several points, and arriving at Buffington Island in time to be in at the surrender of the larger part of Morgan's force, which as prisoners it escorted down the Ohio on boats to Gallipolis.

Thence returning up the Kanawha, the division was returned to its outposts and camps beyond Gauley Bridge, which the remainder of the season was spent in strengthening, and in numerous expeditions into the mountains beyond, after guerrilla bands, to which form the active operations of the enemy had been reduced.

Thus, while actively employed and doing a great deal of hard marching, the year closed without any of the hard fighting of the previous year. The regiments that had been detached for duty with Gen. Rosecrans had, however, participated with distinguished bravery in the battle of Chickamauga and the campaign preceding it.

[To be continued.]

Life's Quarterly—Bells and Beaux is an attractive number, full of fine drawings by Gibson, Wenzell, and other well-known artists, and of quips and poems of wit and humor concerning the tender passion. Price 25 cents.



THERE'S ANE A-WANTIN'

BY

W. BERT FOSTER.

"Ye'll nae gae by Black Jamie's hoose th' nicht, mon. 'Tis a fearsom' way, and Black Jamie an' his gret hoond are nae pleasant tae meet by th' gloamin'."

The old farmer of Ben Ronan followed his guest to the door and spoke in an earnest voice.

"It's a good bit of road round Dumfries, old man," the young laird replied, picking up his staff. "I've not forgotten the way over the hills, if I have been gone from these parts 10 years."

The farmer shook his head solemnly.

"Laird, ye hear t' me," he said. "Nae good'll coom o' ye seekin' tae cross th' hills taenicht."

"Who is Black Jamie? What sort of a booga are you makin' him out to be, farmer?"

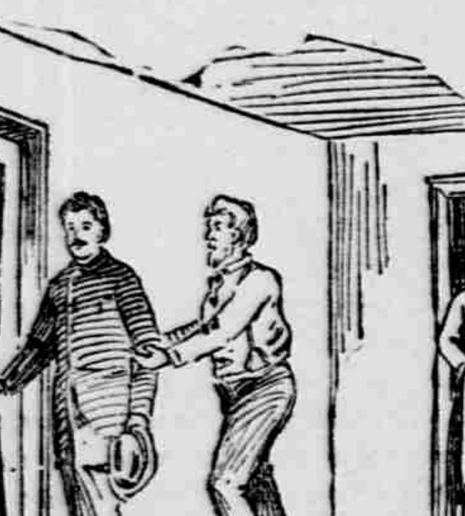
"I'd nae be scarin' ye for naught, sir. On a dark nicht, sic as this, there's nae a mon in Kirk Ronan wud wark that way."

"Then I've a small opinion of Ronan men," declared the young laird. "I never mind hearin' of Black Jamie when I was a boy. Who is he?

"Sure, sir, 'tis Jamie Sawtelle he means," said the farmer's buxom daughter, who stood in the doorway above. "Ye'll mind Jamie."

"Indeed I do. Why, he was my father's most trusty shepherd," cried the young man with some animation. "But what's brought him the name of Black Jamie?"

"Let th' lass tell 't ye. She claver the English better nor me," said the farmer, with



"LAIRD, YE HEAR T' ME."

something of a growl. "It's livin' sae lang amang sic' folks, it's likely ye've forgattan muckle o' mer mither tongue."

"Nonsense!" returned the Laird, with a laugh. "You mustn't throw my English schooling in my face, old man, nor yet your daughter's. But go on, Jinny, an' tell't me."

"You'll be mindin'," said the girl, nothing loath to relate the story to her young master; "you'll be mindin' that Jamie was aye glower an' stern-like. An' there was ilka reason, for 't, you'll say, Laird. He was a lonely old man. His daughter, they say, married against his wishes"——

"Yes, I remember that," interrupted the young man. "She married three or four years before I went away to school. It was a sad blow to Jamie, I ken. He was more silent than ever after her going, though I was always welcome up there just the same. Many's the time I've eat my bit oat cake an' drank a sup of milk wi' him. But go on, girl."

"Well, sir," pursued the girl, drawing her plaid more closely about her as she stood at the open door, for the night wind was raw, "mindin' that, ye'll ken how hard he took the girl's running away. Then—'twas some eight or nine years ago, not long after you left us, sir—she died, an' sent her child back to its grandfather. The husband—a poor nae-do-well—had died before but shortly. So Jamie took th' child—a bit boy it was, an' a bonnie.

"Willie they call't him—Wee Willie—and he was a sweet little laddie, if he was Black Jamie's grandson. The old man worshipped him, sir. There was naught he would not have done for him, an' 'twas a pleasure tae see th' little hop-o'-my-thumb didderin' after th' old man across th' moor or oop th' hillsides.

"Jamie quite thawed out, sir," continued the girl, striving to use the English altogether; "you'd hardly have known him yourself. Although he was so good to you, he was aye a bugbear to we children o' th' village. But after Wee Willie come we might go to his house wi'out ever a word from him. Or we could rin all ower th' sheep pastures and he'd not send us home, as he used.

"But the second Winter after the laddie came to Ronan hills he was big enough to rin aboot mair, and as he was afraid of naught, it was a bonnie work tae keep track of him. When it was pleasant Jamie let him follow after the sheep wi' himsel' and the big hoond—you remember th' hoond, Laird?"

"Yes, I remember Jamie's big dog. He was the only shepherd owned such a beastie, I mind. More wolf than dog it was."

"Aye, an' is, for th' hoond is alive yet, an' as glower as his maister," said the girl. "Well, a day coom—an' a sad day it was for th' whole o' Kirk Ronan—when Wee Willie followed after the sheepies for th' laist time. His grandfather tell't him taa stay by th' door, for there was a storm comin'. But for some reason the laddie wandered off—an'—an' that's all, Laird."

The farmer's daughter was crying softly.

"Was he lost?"

"Aye, he was sae, Laird," broke in the gruff voice of the old farmer. "Wandered ower th' hills, an' we dinna find him till th' snaw passed in th' Spring. It set Black Jamie beside himsel', and he wondered oop an' doon th' moors crying for th' wee bit laddie. An' it's all th' mon's done sin' then. Just tae wander aboot an' cry after the bairn, an' send th' hoond oop intae th' hills, like as th' sheepies might be lost. 'Tis pitifu', sairs!"

"Poor Jamie!" was the young man's comment. "I must see him soon."

"Twill dae ye nae good, Laird," declared the farmer, shaking his head. "Black Jamie's nae an easy man tae git alang wi' since th' bairn was lost. An' th' old hoond's that vicious!"

"I'll see him, though. A good man he was in his better days, and it would be a shame to our name for us to pay no more attention to him as though he was a beastie."

"But you'll nae go that way th' nicht?" queried the girl.

"Surely I will. Not to see Jamie, though. I'll take the old path over th' moorland, and be home in a wink. Your claver was ower lang, Jinny, an' ye maun keepit me," he added with a roguish smile.

The Laird set off on his rough walk at once, and half an hour after leaving the farm of Ben Ronan he was well up among the hills which, in his youth, had been his familiar playground. But on this dark night, for every object was shrouded in deepest gloom, the heather-grown path to which he had once been accustomed seemed strange and uncanny. Ere he realized his danger he was knee deep in the heather and the path was lost.

But the catastrophe brought a laugh to his lips. What was a night on the open hills to him? He had spent a hundred thus, lying out under the sky-thatch, beside old Jamie the shepherd it might be, while the restless movings or the herded sheep was all that broke the solemn stillness. The pastures were rough and wide, but he felt no fear.

"I'll look about me for a place to sleep," he muttered. "The old man and Jinny were right when they advised me to go around by Dumfries. But a night out here is nothing"——

And then he slipped and found himself falling over a precipice, to the verge of which he had stumbled in the dark. He caught at the bushes growing on its side, and thus retarded his fall, but when he reached the bottom of his 30-foot slide and essayed to stand he found his ankle sprained so badly that to rise was impossible.

"Sure, this is not so fine as I thought!" he exclaimed, with a groan. "If I stay here till morning that ankle will be in fearful shape. Would I knew where Black Jamie's cabin was from here. I'd try to crawl to it."

But, being now completely turned about, with no idea of the points of compass, he was fain to lie there helpless."

"But I can shout," he thought. "Mayhap some farmer body, or shepherd, will hear me."

Raising his voice he sent a long, far-reaching cry ringing through the darkness. Again and again the shout was repeated till he was hoarse with the apparently fruitless effort.

But as he was about to give up in disgust a faint cry came ringing up the hillside. He shouted again, and once more the answering voice reached his ears.

It was not a canny sound. The young laird listened intently for its repetition, uncertain whether it boded ill or no.

Then it rose again—a long-drawn, wailing cry—shrill and piping upon the night wind. He recognized it then. It was the call of the highland shepherd to his faithful dog when the sheep in his charge have wandered afar in the darkness or storm—familiar enough to the listener in the years lang syne.

"There's ane a-wantin'!"

The wailing cry was clearer now, and a moment later a huge black object bounded out of the dense gloom which surrounded the laird.

He struggled to his knees and seized his staff. It might be a wolf, and the lone wolves of the highlands are to be feared. But the sudden baying of the creature reassured him. It was the shepherd's dog.

The brute thrust its muzzle into his face and then uttered another cry, this time of seeming recognition. The laird added his own voice to it, as well, and quickly a tall figure, leaning upon a staff, strode out of the darkness.

"Wha is it, laddie?" exclaimed a rough voice, addressing the dog.

"I've lost my way," cried the laird. "My ankle is sprained so that I am unable to walk. Just help me to the nearest shalter, my good man. You'll not regret it. If Jamie Sawtelle's cot be aboot here," he added, falling into the Scotch, "tak' me there."

The man seemed to notice his words, but still addressing his dog, said:

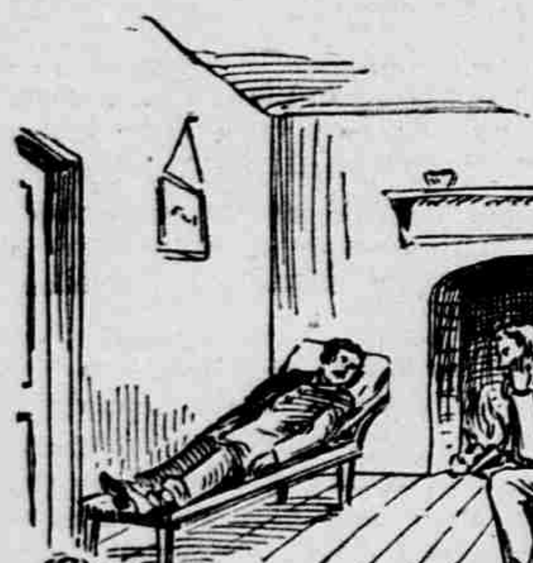
"Wha is it, laddie? Some ane ye ken, I ken richt weel. Wud it be th' young maister, him ye've nae seen this mony year, laddie?"

"Is it you, man?" cried the young laird. "It's never Jamie himsel'?"

Without reply, the man gathered him up in his arms as though he had been a child, and, with a word to the dog, strode away down the hillside again. Ere long a tiny cottage at the bottom of the valley was before them. The man kicked open the door and entered with his burden.

A brisk fire of turf on the hearth lit the interior. The young laird recognized the room at once. It was Jamie's cottage.

But the shepherd himself he would scarcely have known. "Glower" he looked indeed, with his matted black locks uncovered by



BLACK JAMIE TELLS THE STORY.

bonnet or hood, his bearded face, and black, flashing eyes. In the light of the fire these wonderful orbs contracted as do a cat's when she sits on the hearthstone. Doubtless the old shepherd saw as plainly in the dark as a common mortal could at noonday.

Jamie laid his burden upon the wide wooden settle by the chimney, and the dog curled up before the door. The young laird stretched forth his hand and found it grasped with energy by the old man, but not a word passed Black Jamie's lips.

He was not unmindful of his guest's comfort, however. First he removed the shoe and stocking and bathed the ankle, which had already begun to turn black.

Ere this was done, however, he had hung a pot over the coals, and soon placed a bowl of porridge before the injured man.

"This seems like old times, Jamie," ventured the laird, mildly.

"Auld times—maybe," returned Black Jamie, slowly.

"It's been a long time since I was here."

"A lang time—yis," was the shepherd's only reply.

And, strive as he would, it was at first little more the laird was able to get out of the man. That the grief he had felt for the lost grandchild had maddened him, there was no doubt. Yet without mistake Jamie had recognized the man who, as a lad, had often been his companion on the lonely moors and uplands.

Black Jamie sat upon the other side of the hearth, his long body drooping, his head resting in his hands.

"D'ye mind the mony times I used tae rin aboot the cottage here playin' wi' Rosa?" asked the laird, determined, if possible, to break through the man's reticence.

Jamie nodded briefly.

"I mind them," he said.

"An then, when Rosa grew a big girl an' went awa'"——

"She deid," interrupted Black Jamie.

"'Tis true; they were tellin' me sae at th' farmhoose below," said the laird, quietly. "They told me, too, about the boy," he added more briskly. "It was sad, indeed, Jamie, that he was lost."

The old man sprang up. His face turned black, and he clutched at his throat as though he were choking. The laird raised himself in alarm, fearing that he had opened the wound too roughly. But after a moment the shepherd tottered back to his stool, dropped his face in his hands again, and the tears slowly dribbled through his fingers.

"Dinna greet, Jamie," exclaimed his young guest tenderly. "Tell me aboot it, mon. 'Twill ease 't."

"Aye, lad, a'll tell 't ye," responded the old man, his voice quavering as man had never heard it before. "Ye bring it all back tae me. I niver thoct tae spake tae mortal mon o' him. My wee bit laddie! my wee bit laddie!"

The man's agony was great, and the heavy sobs shook his huge frame.

"Rosa sen' him tae me when she deid," he said. "An' sairs! how th' bairn did weend himsel' aboot m' old heart. Tae see him a-didderin' after me oop th' burnside when I went fae th' sheepies wes a sight, mon!

"There's nae muckle t' tell, Laird," with a sigh. "He jes' wandered awa' while me an' th' hoond wes gaitherin' in th' sheep. 'Twas a lang storm, mon. Lang an' weary. We niver hae find him, tho' we look aft.

"Hark! dinna ye hear 't?"

He started to his feet suddenly, and stood in a listening attitude. His eyes fairly flamed, and flecks of white gathered on his lips.

"I hear it agin. 'Tis th' bairn! He's cryin' an' wanderin' aboot on th' hills!"

The old dog scrambled to his feet and growled at the door, as though entering into his master's delusion.

"Ye hear it tae, laddie?" cried the mad shepherd, seeing the brute pawing at the door. "Oot an' after him, sair! My puir wee bairn! he'll pee-rish in 't storm."

His voice rose to a wild shriek, and without staff or coat he staggered to the door and threw it open. The huge dog bounded out, baying mournfully.

"Oop an' awa', mon!" cried Black Jamie. "We'll fin' th' lost lambie."

Then his voice rose in familiar cadence—yet there was an uncanny sound to it that made the young laird shudder:

"There's ane a-wantin'!"

And the black hound, mad, perhaps, like his master, answered the weird cry with a mournful baying far up the glen.—*Short Stories.*

GEN. JOHN E. SMITH.

The Man Who Brought U. S. Grant Forward. His Funeral at Galena.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: At the outbreak of the war a mass meeting of citizens of Galena was called at the courthouse. John E. Smith, a jeweler of the town, as Chairman of a committee, made a thorough canvass of the business houses to find, if possible, a man with a military record to preside at this important gathering. Ulysses Grant, the obscure clerk in the leather store of Grant & Collins, was the only man that could be found having the desired record, and it was on motion of John E. Smith, at the meeting, that Grant was called to the chair, and for the first time in his life presided upon an occasion of importance.

This was one of the most memorable occasions in history. Speeches were made by Ulysses Grant, E. B. Washburne, John A. Rawlins, John E. Smith, Jasper A. Maltby, William R. Rowley and A. L. Chetlain, of whom Gen. Chetlain alone is now living.

The funeral of Gen. Smith took place Feb. 1 from Grace Episcopal Church, in Galena, the rector of the church, Rev. J. S. Youndt, officiating. The remains arrived from Chicago in charge of members of the family of the deceased and Gen. John McArthur. Col. Alfred Smith, of the 13th U. S., his son, on account of illness, was unable to leave Fort Niagara, where he is stationed, to be present at the funeral.

The Masonic fraternity of Galena, and E. D. Kittoe Post, G.A.R., acted as escort to the funeral cortege from the church to Greenwood Cemetery, where the remains of another of Galena's great soldiers were laid to rest beside his wife, and near where lie E. B. Washburne, Gens. Maltby and Rowley, while Gen. Grant sleeps in New York and Gen. Rawlins in the National Cemetery at Arlington, where, with thousands of others, he awaits the final orders of the Great Commander.—ALMIRA M. FOWLER, Galena, Ill.

Our Strength and England's Weakness.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I like your editorial article on the Arbitration Treaty. You could well have gone further and said that England well knows that we are a big, good-natured country, satisfied with our boundary and desirous of being at peace with the rest of the world. England knows she has nothing to fear from us if she behaves herself toward us. She knows we are strong in our compactness and military prestige. On the other hand, England is aggressive and often offensive; she is weak and at a disadvantage with us on account of Canada to care for, and the hostility of the Irish people. She is building heavy fortifications at Victoria, at Halifax, Bermuda and other places along our borders; she is liable to become involved in complications with other powers out of which might grow unforeseen conditions.

Our own natural strength will stand us better in hand than any compact beyond our reach in results. England knows our honesty of purpose and our strength. We know her astuteness and her military strength and weakness. The conditions are unequal, otherwise she would not have entered into the agreement. The old soldier realizes more than the growing generation the strength of this country. I was a member of the 147th N. Y., on whose monument at Gettysburg is chiseled, "Entered the Battle with 380 men. Killed and wounded, 212. Missing 75."—J. Q. ADAMS, 25 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

SHERMAN'S MEMOIRS.

(Continued from first page.)

rection. Its possession would be a threat to Marietta and Atlanta, but I could not then venture to attempt either till I had regained the use of the railroad at least as far down as its debouche from the Allatoona range of mountains. Therefore the movement was chiefly designed to compel Johnston to give up Allatoona.

On the 25th all the columns were moving steadily on Dallas—McPherson and Davis away off to the right, near Van Wert; Thomas on the main road in the center, with Hooker's Twentieth Corps ahead, toward Dallas, and Schofield to the left rear. For the convenience of march, Hooker had his three divisions on separate roads, all leading toward Dallas, when, in the afternoon, as he approached a bridge across Pumpkin Vine Creek, he found it held by a cavalry force, which was driven off, but the bridge was on fire. This fire was extinguished, and Hooker's leading division (Geary's) followed the retreating cavalry on a road leading due east toward Marietta, instead of Dallas. This leading division, about four miles out from the bridge, struck a heavy infantry force, which was moving down from Allatoona toward Dallas, and a sharp battle ensued. I came up in person soon after, and as my map showed that we were near an important cross-road called

"NEW HOPE,"

from a Methodist meeting-house there of that name, I ordered Gen. Hooker to secure it, if possible, that night. He asked for a short delay, till he could bring up his other two divisions, viz, of Butterfield and Williams, but before these divisions had got up and were deployed, the enemy had also gained corresponding strength. The woods were so dense, and the resistance so spirited, that Hooker could not carry the position, though the battle was noisy and prolonged far into the night. This point, "New Hope," was the accidental intersection of the road leading from Allatoona to Dallas with that from Van Wert to Marietta, was four miles northeast of Dallas, and from the bloody fighting there for the next week was called by the soldiers "Hell-Hole."

The night was pitch-dark, it rained hard, and the convergence of our columns toward Dallas produced much confusion. I am sure similar confusion existed in the army opposed to us, for we were all mixed up. I slept on the ground, without cover, alongside of a log, got little sleep, resolved at daylight to renew the battle, and to make a lodgment on the Dallas and Allatoona road if possible; but the morning revealed a strong line of intrenchments facing us, with a heavy force of infantry and guns.

The battle was renewed, and without success. McPherson reached Dallas that morning, viz, the 26th, and deployed his troops to the southeast and east of the town, placing Davis's Division of the Fourteenth Corps, which had joined him on the road from Rome, on his left; but this still left a gap of at least three miles between Davis and Hooker. Meantime, also, Gen. Schofield was closing up on Thomas's left.

Satisfied that Johnston in person was at New Hope with all his army, and that it was so much nearer my objective, the railroad, than Dallas, I concluded to draw McPherson from Dallas to Hooker's right, and gave orders accordingly; but McPherson also was confronted with a heavy force, and, as he began to withdraw according to his orders, on the morning of the 28th he was fiercely assailed on his right; a bloody battle ensued, in which he repulsed the attack, inflicting heavy loss on his assailants, and it was not until the 1st of June that he was enabled to withdraw from Dallas, and to effect a close junction with Hooker in front of New Hope. Meantime Thomas and Schofield were completing their deployments, gradually overlapping Johnston on his right, and thus extending our left nearer and nearer to the railroad, the nearest point of which was Acworth, about eight miles distant. All this time a continual battle was in progress by strong skirmish-lines, taking advantage of every species of cover, and both parties fortifying each night by rifle-trenches, with head-logs, many of which grew to be as formidable as first-class works of defense. Occasionally one party or the other would make a dash in the nature of a sally, but usually it sustained a repulse with great loss of life. I visited personally all parts of our lines nearly every day, was constantly within musket-range, and, though the fire of musketry and cannon resounded day and night along the whole line, varying from six to 10 miles,

I RARELY SAW A DOZEN OF THE ENEMY

at any one time, and these were always skirmishers dodging from tree to tree, or behind logs on the ground, or who occasionally showed their heads above the hastily-constructed but remarkably strong rifle-trenches.

On the occasion of my visit to McPherson on the 30th of May, while standing with a group of officers, among whom were Gens. McPherson, Logan, Barry, and Col. Taylor, my former Chief of Artillery, a minie-ball passed through Logan's coat sleeve, scratching the skin, and struck Col. Taylor square in the breast. Luckily he had in his pocket a famous memorandum book, in which he kept a sort of diary, about which we used to joke him a good deal. Its thickness and size saved his life, breaking the force of the ball, so that after traversing the book it only penetrated the breast to the ribs; but it knocked him down and disabled him for the rest of the campaign. He was a most competent and worthy officer, and now lives in poverty in Chicago, sustained in part by his own labor, and in part by a pitiful pension recently granted.

On the 1st of June Gen. McPherson closed in upon the right, and, without attempting further to carry the enemy's strong position at New Hope Church, I held our general right in close contact with it, gradually, carefully, and steadily working by the left, until our strong infantry lines had reached and secured possession of all the wagon-roads between New Hope, Allatoona, and Acworth, when I dispatched Gens. Garrard's and Stoneman's Divisions of Cavalry into Allatoona, the first around by the west end of the pass and the latter by the direct road. Both reached their destination without opposition, and orders were at once given to repair the railroad forward from Kingston to Allatoona, embracing the bridge across the Etowah River. Thus the real object of my move on Dallas was accomplished, and on the 4th of June I was preparing to draw off from New Hope Church, and to take position on the railroad in front of Allatoona, when, Gen. Johnston himself having evacuated his position, we effected the change without further battle, and moved to the railroad, occupying it from Allatoona and Acworth forward to Big Shanty, in sight of the famous Kenesaw Mountain.

Thus, substantially, in the month of May

WE HAD STEADILY DRIVEN OUR ANTAGONIST

from the strong positions of Dalton, Resaca, Cassville, Allatoona, and Dallas; had advanced our lines in strong, compact order from Chattanooga to Big Shanty, nearly a hundred miles of as difficult country as was ever fought over by civilized armies, and thus stood prepared to go on, anxious to fight, and confident of success as soon as the railroad communications were complete to bring forward the necessary supplies. It is now impossible to state accurately our loss of life and men in any one separate battle, for the fighting was continuous, almost daily, among trees and bushes, on ground where one could rarely see a hundred yards ahead.

The aggregate loss in the several corps for the month of May is reported as follows in the usual monthly returns sent to the Adjutant-General's Office, which are, therefore, official:

Casualties during the month of May, 1864, (Maj.-Gen. Sherman commanding.)

ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND (MAJ.-GEN. THOMAS.)

Corps.	Killed and Missing.	Wounded.	Total.
Fourth (Howard)	576	1,910	2,486
Fourteenth (Palmer)	147	655	802
Twentieth (Hooker)	572	2,997	3,568
Total	1,294	5,562	6,856

ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE (MAJ.-GEN. M'PHERSON.)

Corps.	Killed and Missing.	Wounded.	Total.
Fifteenth (Logan)	122	624	746
Sixteenth (Dodge)	94	430	524
Seventeenth (Blair)	(Not yet up)	1	1
Total	216	1,055	1,271

ARMY OF THE OHIO (MAJ.-GEN. SCHOFIELD).

Corps.	Killed and Missing.	Wounded.	Total.
Twenty-third (Schofield)	226	757	983
Cavalry	127	62	189
Total	353	819	1,172
Grand aggregate	1,863	7,436	9,299

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, in his "Narrative" of his military operations, just published (March 27, 1874), gives the effective strength of his army at and about Dalton on the 1st of May, 1864, as follows.

Infantry	37,652
Artillery	2,812
Cavalry	2,392
Total	42,856

During May, and prior to reaching Cassville, he was further reinforced:

Polk's Corps of three divisions	12,000
Martin's Division of Cavalry	3,500
Jackson's Division of Cavalry	3,900

And at New Hope Church, May 26:

Brigade of Quarles	2,200
Grand total	64,456

His losses during the month of May are stated by him, as taken from the report of Surg. Foard:

FROM DALTON TO CASSVILLE.

Corps.	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
Hardee's	116	850	966
Hood's	283	1,564	1,847
Polk's	46	529	575
Total	445	2,943	3,388

AT NEW HOPE CHURCH.

CORPS.	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
Hardee's	156	879	1,035
Hood's	103	756	859
Polk's	17	94	111
Total	276	1,729	2,005
Total killed and wounded during May	1	4,672	5,393

These figures include only the killed and wounded, whereas my statement of losses embraces the "missing," which are usually "prisoners," and of these we captured, during the whole campaign of four and a half months, exactly 12,983, whose names, rank, and regiments were officially reported to the Commissary-General of Prisoners; and assuming a due proportion for the month of May, viz, one-fourth, makes 3,245 to be added to the killed and wounded given above, making an aggregate loss in Johnston's army, from Dalton to New Hope, inclusive, of 8,638, against ours of 9,299.

Therefore Gen. Johnston is greatly in error, in his estimates on page 357, in stating our loss, as compared with his, at six or ten to one.

I aways estimated my force at double his, and could afford to lose two to one without disturbing our relative proportion; but I also reckoned that, in the natural strength of the country, in the abundance of mountains, streams, and forests, he had a fair offset to our numerical superiority, and therefore endeavored to act with reasonable caution while moving in the vigorous "offensive."

With the drawn battle of New Hope Church, and our occupation of the natural fortress of Allatoona, terminated the month of May, and the first stage of the campaign.

[To be continued.]